1: Hocart Y-5 (ca. 1920) 1929 OQ6 Lau OQ6
Lakemba

for a race. Excepting the winner's prize, the things go to the craftsman who built the fence. The wives and sisters get the first batch of fish caught in the fence. 226

Line Fishing

Line fishing is indulged in by the men. Hermit crabs and *kaiki* crabs and small fish are used as bait.

Shark fishing is Tongan and is rarely practised nowadays. A bait is thrown overboard to attract the shark, to a Tongan song: *"Wili mai, wili mai, wili mai, malie"* (Come, come, come, well done). When the shark's fin appears the fishermen say, *"Ma anu* [bis] *ko'eku pele koe* [bis]" (Rise; you are my friend). The shark rises and the whole fin becomes visible. As he approaches to take the bait he is noosed and hauled aboard.

Young sharks are said to be born blind.

There is a kind of *sinu* plant called shark's *sinu*. It is the shark's bud; when the shark is born the *sinu* buds; it is closed so that the shark does not see at birth and is called *mbulumbulu* (closed-eyes). When the bud bursts the eyes of the young shark begin to see in the water. [825 834]

Octopus is caught on a line with a sinker, a Tongan method, no longer used. The sinker is a rounded cone, cut probably from a stalactite. A cowry is tied on the stone, a tail is made from a root of a coconut palm. This stone is trailed behind a canoe in which the fishermen paddle as fast as they can, jerking the line and singing, *"Lele feke, puli le feke"* (Run octopus, cowry octopus). The octopus mistakes the stone for a rat, and fastens onto it.

The enmity of the octopus for the rat is explained by the following tale:

The rat was once being conveyed across the sea by an octopus. As soon as the land was near the rat dropped dung on the head of the octopus and swam off. Since then the octopus hates the rat and always goes for it. The black stuff ejected by the octopus is the rat's dung. This is an ancient tale, a thing from the beginning. [539]

Fish Spearing

Fish spearing is also the work of the men. It is not practised much, at least on the south coast. The Fulanga men are the most skillful. The spears usually have three or four diverging prongs.

Sometimes parties go out to a deep pool surrounded by flats on which there are only a few inches of water at low tide and there gather a kind of black sea slug (*loli*), put them in baskets, mix with sand, and stir and rub them till the blood oozes out. They are then thrown into the hole. Then each man takes his stand on a stone and guards one of the channels. 226 228